

Production No. 4F13

The Simpsons

"MY SISTER, MY SITTER"

Written by

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Created by
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Developed by
James L. Brooks
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Sam Simon

TABLE DRAFT

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NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"MY SISTER, MY SITTER"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
COMEDY NURSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
JANEY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
REV. LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
TODD FLANDERS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
ROD FLANDERS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
MAGGIE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
RAINIER WOLFCastle.....HARRY SHEARER
MOLEMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DISTRESSED YUPPIE.....HARRY SHEARER
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
VIDEO FLANDERS WALL.....HARRY SHEARER
YOUNG ITALIAN MAN #1....HANK AZARIA
KRUSTY THE KLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA

PARAMEDIC.....HARRY SHEARER
AIR FORCE OFFICER.....HANK AZARIA
LIMO DRIVER.....HANK AZARIA
CROWD.....ALL
EMERGENCY OPERATOR.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
JAILBIRD.....HANK AZARIA
DR. NICK RIVIERA.....HANK AZARIA
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MAYOR QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
MAUDE FLANDERS.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
SIDESHOW MEL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
HELEN LOVEJOY.....MAGGIE ROSWELL

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - AFTERNOON

MARGE and HOMER are watching TV. We hear the OPENING THEME of "Eye on Springfield."

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN

Tonight on Eye On Springfield: an
adopted dog reunites with its
biological parents...

We see a very EXCITED DOG running out of an airport gate toward TWO OLDER DOGS.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

...a comedy nurse who's laughing all
the way to the blood bank!

We see a NURSE in a hospital ward entertaining a group of bed-ridden PATIENTS.

COMEDY NURSE

How many of you are here for shoulder
surgery?

Several patients raise their arms with PAINED GROANS.

COMEDY NURSE (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

1 cont

KENT BROCKMAN

(PROUDLY) But first, move over
Baltimore, Springfield has stolen your
idea!

CUT TO:

Kent Brockman walking through a dilapidated neighborhood.

KENT BROCKMAN

I'm standing on the waterfront -- once
the center of a thriving squid-gutting
industry, now abandoned by all but a
few longshoremen and allied trades-
people.

As he speaks, the CAMERA PANS across TWO LONGSHOREMEN and a
PROSTITUTE.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

But the decades of rot will end with
the opening of the South Street
Squidport, an upscale shopping
promenade with authentic maritime
theming!

We see WORKERS adding the word "Place" to the bottom of a
sign saying "Tentacle Cannery."

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

And to kick it all off in style, area
merchants will host a black-tie gala
Saturday night.

We see a WORKER with a large helium tank blowing up
balloons which read "Shoplifters Will Be Prosecuted", "You
Break It, You Bought It," etc.

BACK TO SCENE

1 cont

MARGE

That sounds fabulous, Homer. (KNOWING)
Stores throw the best parties.

HOMER

You like parties, huh? Well, I just
remembered they're having a big one
down at the waterfront this weekend.

MARGE

You didn't remember that. You just saw
it on TV.

HOMER

The important thing is I didn't imagine
it.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

LISA and JANEY are sitting on Lisa's bed. They are each
holding a small paperback book. The covers say "The
Babysitter Twins in: The President's Baby is Missing," and
"The Babysitter Twins in: The Formula Formula."

JANEY

I can't get enough of "The Babysitter
Twins"! They arrested the
counterfeiters, rescued the President
and made four dollars!

LISA

I love everything about the world of
babysitting: the responsibility, the
obligation, the pressure...

JANEY

1 cont

And full refrigerator privileges!

LISA

(VERY SERIOUS) That's a trust, Janey.

A sacred trust.

JANEY

Geez, lighten up, Lisa.

INT. FIRST CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD - A FEW DAYS LATER

2

The Simpsons are dressed in their Sunday best.

LOVEJOY

That concludes our service. Let us
extend to one another a sign of peace.

MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION shake hands with one another.
Bart gleefully crushes Lisa's hand. A number of other
parishioners appear to be crushing each other's hands. We
hear **QUIET KNUCKLE CRACKING SOUNDS.**

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

In the spirit of the love our savior
had for us, I must ask you to refrain
from hand-crushing.

The crowd loses interest in shaking hands.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

I have two announcements. Friday you
will have the chance to "party down" in
the church basement to the Jesus-rock
stylings of "Testament". That's Friday
at six p.m.

BART

(DISMISSIVE SNORT) All the best bands
are affiliated with Satan.

LOVEJOY

Also, Lisa Simpson asks anyone needing
a babysitter to call her.

A surprised Marge looks at a smiling Lisa.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Mention the topic of today's sermon to
get a dollar off. (BEAT) The topic
was love.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Lisa sits watching the telephone.

LISA

Why hasn't anyone called?

MARGE

Maybe people don't want an eight-year-
old babysitter, dear. Parents need to
be sure their sitter can handle
anything that might happen. That's why
they hire teenagers.

LISA

But I'm very mature for my age. People
often mistake me for nine.

The doorbell RINGS. Homer opens the door to find NED
FLANDERS. He is wearing a yellow hostage ribbon.

2 cont

FLANDERS

Homer, I've got a fozzie of a bear of a problem. Maude and her mother are visiting Tyre and Sidon, the twin cities of the Holy Land, and they must have kneeled in the wrong place and prayed to the wrong God, because, well, they're being held prisoner by militants of some sort.

HOMER

(CASUALLY) Militants? If I were you, I'd kick their asses.

FLANDERS

Anyhow, the embassy says it's just a routine hostage-taking -- but I have to drive to Capital City and fill out some forms to get them out. Could you watch the kids tonight?

HOMER

Gee, I'd really love to want to help you, Flanders, but (LAZILY) uh, Marge was taken prisoner in the uh, Holy Land and uh...

Lisa pipes up from the background.

LISA

I'll do it! I'll babysit!

FLANDERS

I don't know, Lisa. You're awfully young, and the boys can be a handful. Todd's been pinching everyone lately.

LISA

I'm smart and responsible, and my parents will be right next door!

FLANDERS

What do you say, Homer? Can Lisa babysit for my kids?

LISA

Please, please, please!

HOMER

I'll have to ask her.

He closes the door in Flanders' face.

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Ned has his jacket on and is briefing Lisa.

FLANDERS

Now in case of fire?

LISA

(QUICKLY) Drop and roll.

FLANDERS

Scraped knee?

LISA

Clean and kiss.

FLANDERS

Snake bite?

2 cont

3

LISA

3 cont

Suck and spit.

FLANDERS

Tangled telephone cord?

LISA

Unwind and stretch. (EXPLAINING) I
spent the whole day studying this.

She holds up a book called "Two-Word Solutions for
Everything."

FLANDERS

Aren't those really three-word
solutions?

LISA

Yes and no.

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lisa is setting up a Monopoly board on the floor for ROD
and TODD.

LISA

Where are the dice?

TODD

Daddy says dice are wicked.

ROD

We just move one space at a time.

(EXCITED) It's less fun that way!

Suddenly, the boys **ERUPT IN PANIC.**

ROD/TODD

Moth! Moth! Moth!

A little white MOTH flutters harmlessly by.

LISA

3 cont

Don't worry. A moth is no more harmful
than a ladybug.

ROD/TODD

A ladybug?! (SCREAM)

Rod and Todd run up the stairs. Lisa shoos the moth out
the window.

LISA

(TO HERSELF) They're going to get
eaten alive in middle school.

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - LATER

Lisa watches as the boys say their prayers.

ROD

(PRAYS) And thank you for sending Lisa
to protect us from the bug you sent.

TODD

(EYEING LISA) And please make Lisa
tell us a bedtime story... about
robots... named Rod and Todd. Amen.

The boys get into their beds.

LISA

Once there was a robot named Todd...

TODD

Did he have a brother?

LISA

Yes, he had a brother robot named Rod,
who was two space-years older than him.

3 cont

TODD

Tell how they killed all the moth-men!

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ned peeks into the boys' room, then turns to Lisa.

FLANDERS

Imagine that -- sleeping quietly after
a bug attack! And Todd's as dry as a
bone! Lisa, you're a wonder! I'm
going to recommend you to everybody!

INT. WIGGUM HOUSE - FOYER - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

CHIEF WIGGUM and his WIFE are preparing to leave. He
hollers upstairs to Lisa.

WIGGUM

If anything goes wrong, just dial 9-1-
1. (BEAT) Unless it's an emergency.

LISA (O.S.)

Okay, Chief. Enjoy Bob Saget!

WIGGUM

It's Bob Seger!

He looks at the tickets.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Aw, crap...

INT. WIGGUM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER THAT EVENING

Lisa is talking through a door.

LISA

Now put your left leg into the left
side of the pants -- and you're done.

3 cont

RALPH comes out of the bathroom. His pajamas are on upside down. His head pokes out of the fly.

RALPH

(PROUD) I dressed myself!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Bart and Homer are watching TV, eating pizza. Homer is wearing a tuxedo.

BART

Hey, Dad, how come you're wearing a tuxedo?

HOMER

Going to that fancy waterfront party tomorrow night.

BART

Why are you wearing it now?

HOMER

It's like a rent-a-car, son. You get all the mileage you can. Then ball it up and cram it through the mail slot.

BART

Why'd they have to go and clean up the waterfront? That's where they had the best cockfights!

HOMER

(PUTS ARM AROUND BART) Yeah, pal o' mine, we had a lot of good times down there.

INT. BART'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

4 cont

Bart lies awake in bed. A car PULLS UP outside and we hear the sounds of a CAR DOOR CLOSING.

LISA (V.O.)

Thanks for the ride, Dr. Hibbert!

Bart looks out the window to see DR. HIBBERT dropping off Lisa.

DR. HIBBERT

(AS HE PAYS HER) You did a first-rate job of babysitting. I've never seen such a responsible young lady.

LISA

(BEAMING) Thank you, Dr. Hibbert.
Your trust means so much to me.

DR. HIBBERT

I only wish my Volvo mechanic were as reliable.

Hibbert's seatback breaks and he falls backward out of frame.

DR. HIBBERT (O.S.)

(CHUCKLES) 'night, Lisa...

Hibbert STARTS THE CAR, still lying flat on his back. The car pulls away with no visible driver.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Bart and Lisa are in their pajamas. Lisa is laying her money out in small piles across her bed.

BART

You made all that money for sitting
around watching TV and eating food?

4 cont

LISA

There's a lot more to it than that,
Bart. I don't just babysit; I sell
peace of mind for a dollar an hour --
two dollars after nine o'clock.

BART

Man, if I was making that kind of
money, I'd be out of here so fast...

INT. TV ROOM - THE NEXT NIGHT

Marge and Homer come downstairs. Marge looks elegant in a
flowing gown. Homer is in his tuxedo, complete with top
hat, walking stick, monocle, etc.

LISA

You look so glamorous, Mom! (SNIFFS)
And you smell like vanilla flowers!

BART

And Dad, you look totally classy. You
could be Abe Lincoln's father's boss!

HOMER

(EXAMINING TUX) Can you see the pie
stains?

LISA

("YES") It'll be dark.

BART

So when's Grampa getting here to
babysit?

4 cont

MARGE

(SLIGHTLY HESITANT) Uh, Grampa's not coming...

BART

(MOANS) Not Patty and Selma!

MARGE

Actually, Bart, Lisa is going to be in charge tonight.

BART

(SHOCKED) What?!

MARGE

I know she's young, but Lisa has proven herself mature and dependable.

BART

Dad, help me out! Pal o' mine!

HOMER

Take it like a man, boy. And do everything your little sister says.

BART

This is an outrage! I'm two years and thirty-eight days older than she is! This is the greatest injustice in the history of the world!

MARGE

(RUSHED) Well, we have to run. I'm sure you kids will work things out. Good night!

Marge and Homer exit. Marge sticks her head back in. *4 cont*

MARGE (CONT'D)

(QUIETLY) Make sure he brushes his
teeth, Lisa.

Marge exits. A seething Bart glowers at Lisa.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

5

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LISA

Bart, I know you're not wild about
having me for a babysitter, but I'm not
some ogre. I think you'll find me fair
and fun.

BART

You're dead.

LISA

You should wash up for dinner. To make
it fun, you can use the Mr. Bubble --
it'll be like giving your fingers a
bubble bath!

BART

You are so dead.

Bart exits. Lisa pulls a tray of fish sticks out of the
oven.

LISA

Perfect! Pre-heating pays off again!

INT. KIDS' BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Bart **TURNS ON THE FAUCET** and then stands watching it.

BART

Make me wash my hands, will she?

He turns off the faucet.

5 cont

BART (CONT'D)

A little wetness will fool her up real
nice...

He licks his fingers and exits the bathroom.

EXT. SIMPSON CAR - NIGHT - THE SAME TIME

CLOSE-UP on a bent orange traffic cone stuck in Homer's wheel well. It **SCRAPES** noisily along the ground. PAN UP to Homer driving the car.

HOMER

I love this pedestrian mall! There's
practically no traffic!

We WIDEN to see that Homer is driving through a closed-off promenade crowded with PEOPLE. A banner reads, "Grand Opening - South Street Squidport." Homer **HONKS** at the startled pedestrians.

MARGE

I don't think we should be driving
here. The mayor's yelling at us.

MAYOR QUIMBY (O.S.)

(FAINT SHOUTING) Stop, you idiots!

HOMER

All right, all right, geez. (STOPS
CAR) Okay, honey, remember where we're
parked.

They get out of the car. In a HIGH OVERHEAD SHOT, we see they are parked smack in the middle of a huge sidewalk mural marked "Children's Message of Peace" (depicting the world ringed by children of all races holding hands). Homer's tire tracks leave a trail to the center.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Bart, Lisa and MAGGIE sit at the table.

5 cont

BART

(FORMAL) May I have some more lima
beans?

LISA

(CORRECT) Certainly.

Lisa scoops a spoonful of lima beans onto Bart's plate.

BART

More than that.

LISA

(OBLIGING) Certainly.

BART

More.

She puts a few more on his plate.

BART (CONT'D)

More.

Lisa gives him one more lima bean.

BART (CONT'D)

More.

LISA

Maybe you should eat the ones you have.

Bart shrugs and pushes his plate away.

BART

I didn't say I was gonna eat them. I
just wanted to look at them, because
they're so gross. What's for dessert?

Lisa gets up, goes to the freezer, and takes out a carton
of ice cream.

5 cont

LISA

(SIGH) Bart, if you don't want to have
a babysitter, maybe you should stop
being such a baby.

She scoops some ice cream into a dish and gives it to him.

BART

Oh, I'm a baby, huh? Well, then I'll
act like a baby.

He starts dribbling ice cream out of his mouth.

BART (CONT'D)

Ga-ga-goo-goo.

LISA

Even babies know how to open and close
their mouths. You need a bib.

Lisa begins attaching a napkin-bib around Bart's neck.

BART

Baby hate bib. (FAKE CRIES) Waah!

Waah!

He tears off the bib and **BANGS** his spoon against his plate,
spilling his lima beans. Maggie starts to **CRY**.

MAGGIE

Waah! Waah!

LISA

Look, Bart, you got Maggie all upset!

BART

Relax. I'll give her some ice cream.

He pours his bowl of ice cream down Maggie's hatch.

5 cont

MAGGIE

(CONTENTED SLURPING SOUNDS)

LISA

Bart, that's coffee ice cream! It has
caffeine!

BART

Well, I guess that'll make things more
interesting for you, won't it?

Maggie's eyes dart wildly as Lisa starts to clean her up.

LISA

Shouldn't you be doing your homework?

BART

Nah. My plan is to get so far behind
that they have to give me some kind of
amnesty. One more zero could do it.

He exits.

EXT. SOUTH ST. SQUIDPORT - A LITTLE LATER

Homer and Marge walk down a promenade lined with chic
pushcarts and trees strung with white lights. The crowd is
young and hip, except for our SPRINGFIELD REGULARS. The
entire Squidport is filled with upscale stores and cafes
(including "Pasta La Vista, Baby", "Turban Outfitters",
"Just Rainsticks", "It's A Wonderful Knife", "My Very First
Tattoo", "Much Ado About Muffins", "The Crypto-Barn: A
Place For Codes", and "The Itchy & Scratchy Store" [where a
sign reads: "Poochie Close-Out"]).

MARGE

Oh, it's beautiful, Homer! This is
what I imagine Paris must be like!

HOMER

Uh-huh.

6 cont

MARGE

I'm so honored that Springfield has been chosen to host all these upscale chain stores. I guess this makes us "yuppies," hmm, Homer?

HOMER

Nah, I'm really more of a slacker.

They pass a Banana Republic-style store called "Malaria Zone." The facade is decked out with palm trees, mosquito netting, a rusty Jeep, etc.

MARGE

Oooh, Malaria Zone! (NODS KNOWINGLY)
That's where all the explorers shop.

HOMER

(AWED GASP) Look! Marge! A
restaurant owned by celebrities! I
always wanted to be a celebrity!

They run up to a glitzy, neon restaurant called "Planet Hype," where RAINIER WOLFCastle is being photographed by reporters.

WOLFCastle

(TO REPORTERS) The entire menu was
personally approved by my secretary.

Homer and Marge gawk at the restaurant's exterior, which is festooned with memorabilia, including the back half of a Cadillac.

MARGE

Isn't that clever? It looks like a
Cadillac drove right into the building.

6 cont

MOLEMAN (IN CADILLAC)

Help me!

They pass a fancy storefront with a sign reading "Moe's Brewing Company."

HOMER

Wow, even Moe's moved to fancy new
digs.

The CAMERA QUICKLY PASSES THROUGH the posh entrance and travels down a long, winding, makeshift corridor lit by bare lightbulbs, ending up inside the same old Moe's.

DISTRESSED YUPPIE

Hey, this isn't faux dive. This is a
dive.

MOE

(MENACING) You're a long way from
home, Yuppie boy. I'll start a tab.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - THE SAME TIME

Lisa enters to find Bart watching TV.

LISA

I don't want you watching that program,
Bart. It's not age-appropriate.

BART

It's a documentary -- "What If Hitler
Had Vampires." And Mom doesn't care
what I watch.

LISA

Mom means well, but she can be a little
overwhelmed sometimes. And, anyway,
it's time to get ready for bed.

6 cont

BART

No it isn't. I changed the clocks. It was time for bed two hours ago. Ha ha!

LISA

Oh, no! Maggie's not supposed to be up this late!

Maggie toddles through the room at incredible speed. Lisa charges off after her.

BART

Don't worry about it, Lis. You can handle it, can't you? (SNEAKY CHUCKLE)

INT. SOUTH ST. SQUIDPORT - UPSCALE STORE - A LITTLE LATER

Homer and Marge are browsing in a bustling modern retail "space" with techno-minimalist decor and a video wall playing the scene from "Metropolis" with the female robot.

HOMER

(IN RAPTURE) Can this be real? High-tech unnecessaries, decor that defines the term "eye candy", and beneath it all the gentle aroma of hazelnut coffee... (BREATHES IN DEEPLY, SIGHS CONTENTEDLY) Marge, I'm home.

MARGE

But Homer, these products are all left-handed.

HOMER

Left-handed? (REALIZING) Oh, God. Then this store belongs to...

Homer swivels his head in panic to see the video wall filled with a grid of grinning Ned Flanders.

6 cont

VIDEO FLANDERS WALL

Hi-dilly ho-dilly, Customerinos!

Flanders strides over, holding a left-handed video camera. He is wearing hip glasses, a collarless shirt buttoned to the top, and a vest.

FLANDERS

What do you think of the new Mega-Leftorium? With the pulsing techno-funk and the pierced sales-kids, I'm doing twice the business I was at the mall! I grew up believing in "service with a smile," but it turns out service with a scowl moves twice the product!

(OFFERS) Electrolyte Smoothie?

He offers them a glowing red beverage.

HOMER

(MOAN) Now Flanders is gonna be rich. Marge, is there anything in the store that will cut my head off?

FLANDERS

No, but we can do a special order.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KIDS' BATHROOM - THE SAME TIME

7

Lisa, holding a towel in one hand and a bar of soap in the other, stares helplessly at a dripping wet Maggie, who has shimmied up to the top of the shower curtain.

7 cont

LISA

(ENTICING) Mag-gie, if you come down,
I'll give you some more cof-fee. Lots
more cof-fee...

MAGGIE

(FAST SUCKING SOUND)

LISA

(CALLING) Are you getting ready for
bed, Bart?

BART (O.S.)

(CALLING) I am!

INT. TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart is on the phone with the Yellow Pages open in front of
him.

BART

That's right, I want the 25-foot
Italian party sub. And don't skimp on
the vinegar. (HANGS UP) It's time
Lisa learned what babysitting Bart
Simpson is all about...

He flips through the Yellow Pages and picks up the phone
again.

BART (CONT'D)

Yes, I'd like to host an A.A. meeting.

(BEAT) Tonight, if possible.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Maggie sits on top of a bureau holding a container of
talcum powder. Lisa reaches towards her cautiously.

7 cont

LISA

(COAXING) Come on, Maggie... Good
Maggie... The talcum powder's not to
play with...

Maggie squeezes the container, instantly engulfing Lisa in
a giant white cloud.

LISA (CONT'D)

(COUGH / MOAN)

INT. TV ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, wet, bedraggled and covered with talcum powder,
enters to find Bart watching TV.

LISA

Okay, Bart, now it's really time for
you to go to bed!

She tries to make Bart stand up, but he keeps his body limp
and slides back to the floor.

LISA (CONT'D)

(AS SHE PULLS) Why do you have to make
this so hard?

BART

I'm using non-violent resistance.

LISA

The idea that you would compare
yourself to Mahatma Gandhi...

BART

Who?

The doorbell RINGS.

LISA

I'll answer it. You go to bed!

7 cont

Bart climbs halfway up the stairs and sits down. Lisa opens the door, and several YOUNG ITALIAN MEN march in carrying the party sub, which extends out the door.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN #1

Good evening, miss. Here's yer giant sub, swimmin' in vinegar just the way you like it. That'll be \$225, plus tip.

The men walk in, revealing STILL MORE MEN carrying the rear of the sub.

LISA

What? I didn't order any giant sub!

The doorbell RINGS again. Lisa opens the door. KRUSTY BURSTS in.

KRUSTY

Hey hey! Are you ready to get rowdy?!

LISA

Excuse me?

KRUSTY

Somebody hired me for an emergency bachelor party.

LISA

(CLIPPED) There's been a mistake.

Krusty crosses to the couch and LIGHTS UP a cigar.

KRUSTY

I'm not leaving 'til I get paid! I get five hundred just for "Hey hey!"

The doorbell RINGS. Lisa turns to see TWO PARAMEDICS with a stretcher at the door. An ambulance flashes outside.

PARAMEDIC

7 cont

Who called for an emergency
sisterectomy?

Lisa **GROWLS** and whirls around to glare at Bart. He **SNAPS** a photo of her. The doorbell **RINGS** again. Lisa turns to see an **AIR FORCE OFFICER** at the door.

AIR FORCE OFFICER

We got a report that a Lisa Simpson
spotted a U.F.O...

LISA

I didn't see any U.F.O.!

AIR FORCE OFFICER

(GRIMLY) That's right, miss. You
didn't.

He turns to a **COLLEAGUE** who is ready with a syringe and motions "Never mind." The colleague puts the syringe back into a case. An Apu-like **LIMO DRIVER** pokes his head into the foyer.

LIMO DRIVER

I'm here to pick up the ambassador from
Ghana.

LISA

(LOSING TEMPER) He's not here!
Nobody's here! And none of you should
be here! You've all been tricked!

LIMO DRIVER

Why would the ambassador do such a
thing?

MUTTERING ANGRILY, the crowd begins to file out the door.

LISA

7 cont

Bart, you are going to be in so much trouble when Mom and Dad get home. Now go to bed!

BART

(CHEERY) You're the boss.

He gives her a little salute and walks offscreen.

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa enters the kitchen with a WEARY SIGH. She is shocked to see Bart sitting at the table, eating a piece of bread.

8

LISA

I thought I told you to go to bed!

BART

(NONCHALANT) Yeah, right, "bread."
You said to go to "bread"...

LISA

(TEETH GRITTED) I said go to "bed."

BART

(STILL NONCHALANT) Yeah, "go to bread."

LISA

B-E-D -- BED!

BART

Ohhhhh, bed! Anything you say, sis.
(EXITS)

8 cont

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lisa peers into Bart's room; it is empty. We hear the sound of **BOUNCING SPRINGS**. Lisa walks to the master bedroom, and finds Bart **BOUNCING** up and down on Homer and Marge's bed.

BART

(SMUG) You didn't say which bed!

LISA

GO TO YOUR BED!

BART

Make me!

LISA

I'll make you!

She lunges at Bart, but he **BOUNCES** off of the bed and darts over to the doorway.

BART

If you want me, you gotta catch me!

LISA

(ENRAGED SNARL)

Lisa lunges at him. Bart jumps backwards out of reach and into the upstairs corridor.

BART

Almost!

LISA

(ANGRY GROWL)

She lunges again. He jumps backwards, further down the hall.

BART

Oooh -- so close!

LISA

8 cont

Ba-art!

Lisa lunges. Bart jumps backwards again -- and **TUMBLES** head over heels down the stairs. He rolls to a halt at the bottom and lies there in a motionless heap.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

Maggie toddles up next to Lisa. When she sees Bart, her eyes widen and she does a spit-take, launching her pacifier into the air. It bounces off Bart's forehead with a **SMALL BOINK**.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Lisa kneels over Bart's crumpled form. He stirs.

LISA

Bart, are you okay?!

BART

(SLIGHTLY DAZED) Yeah, I think so...

It's just a bump on my head...

Bart gets to his feet, rubbing the bump on his forehead.
Lisa **GASPS** when sees that his right arm is sticking out at
a weird angle.

LISA

Your arm! It's got extra corners!

He looks down at his arm.

BART

(STARTLED) Yah! (FEELS IT) Cool, it
must be dislocated or something...

LISA

We have to get you to the emergency
room!

BART

And get this fixed? What's the rush?

(SNIDE) Don't you want everyone to see
what a responsible babysitter you were?

He taunts her by wagglng his crooked arm in her face.

LISA

9 cont

Stand still! Maybe I can pop it back in.

BART

Oh, no! I'm going to preserve the evidence until Mom and Dad get home...

He runs upstairs, his injured arm sticking out crazily.

BART (CONT'D)

And you'll never babysit again!

We hear Bart SHUT the door to his room and LOCK it.

EXT. SOUTH ST. SQUIDPORT - THE SAME TIME

Homer and Marge are strolling along the promenade.

HOMER

You know, honey, when I think of all the good times we've had together--

AAAGH!

Suddenly, Homer is blasted by a jet of water from below. We WIDEN TO REVEAL he has walked into the middle of one of those modern synchronized fountains composed of holes in the ground.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PANICKY) Did you see that, Marge?

MARGE

Oh my God, you walked into the fountain! Get out of the fountain!

Homer starts toward Marge, but is driven back by another jet of water. He turns and runs further into the fountain. More jets shoot blobs of water over his shoulders.

HOMER

(YELPS AND SMALL SCREAMS)

9 cont

MARGE

Just stand still and I'll get someone!

Homer, paralyzed with fear, stands still in the middle of the fountain. All around him, jets of water start rising up, imprisoning him in a liquid cage.

HOMER

(SCARED SOUNDS)

A crowd starts gathering around to gawk at Homer.

CROWD

(CHUCKLES AND TITTERS)

HOMER

Don't laugh at me! I was once like
you!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - THE SAME TIME

Lisa stands in front of the closed door with a bag of ice.

10

LISA

Bart! Let me in!

BART

(FAKE) I'm afraid you'll hurt me
again!

LISA

(ENTICING) Bart, if you come out, I'll
let you eat raw cookie dough. (BEAT)
I'll let you ride the lawn mower
through the house! (AGITATED) Come
on, open the door!

Lisa RATTLES the doorknob. Then, from inside Bart's room, we begin to hear a REGULAR THUDDING SOUND. The door SHAKES in time with the sounds.

10 cont

LISA (CONT'D)

What are you doing now?!

BART (O.S.)

I'm banging my head!

LISA

Are you crazy? Stop that!

BART (O.S.)

I'm going to make the lump even bigger!

(EVIL CHUCKLE)

LISA

(FIRM) As your babysitter, I order you
to stop hitting your head on the wall!

In response we hear an **EXTRA LOUD THUMP**, then nothing.

LISA (CONT'D)

Bart? (HOPEFUL) Did you stop because
I said to? If so, thank you.

Silence.

LISA (CONT'D)

(UNEASILY) Bart?

INT./ EXT. MASTER BEDROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Lisa climbs out of the window and onto the ledge. She
edges her way down to Bart's window and sees him lying on
the floor, out cold.

LISA

(HORRIFIED GASP)

INT. KITCHEN - A MINUTE LATER

Lisa dashes in and dials the phone.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)

10 cont

911.

LISA

Hello, this is Lisa Simpson, and...

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)

(SARCASTIC) Simpson?! Look, we've
already been out there tonight for a
sisterectomy, a case of severe butt-
rot, and a leprechaun bite. How dumb
do you think we are?

The operator **HANGS UP**. We hear a **DIAL TONE**.

LISA

(MOAN) (THEN, REALIZING:) Wait! Dr.
Hibbert!

Lisa takes out the Yellow Pages, opens to the "PHYSICIANS"
section, and finds an ad with a photo of a stern-looking
Dr. Hibbert. She **PICKS UP THE PHONE**, then hesitates for a
second as we **DISSOLVE INTO**:

LISA'S FANTASY

The stern-looking photo of Hibbert becomes the real
Hibbert, examining an unconscious Bart in his office.

DR. HIBBERT

Dislocated shoulder, bump on the
noggin... My diagnosis: bad
babysitting.

He whips around to point an accusing finger at Lisa. The
glare from his reflector is blinding. Chief Wiggum steps
forward.

WIGGUM

10 cont

Near as we can tell, the boy was
studying quietly when the girl, drunk
on her own power, beat him silly with a
block of frozen lima beans.

Bart shoots up from the examining table, his arm still
jutting out oddly.

BART

(CHIPPER) It's true!

MARGE

Young lady, you will never babysit
again! I am so disappointed (ECHOING
OFF) -ointed... - ointed... -ointed...

BACK TO REALITY

LISA

(SIGH) Well, I guess I don't have a
choice...

Just as Lisa's about to dial, she notices the ad below Dr.
Hibbert's. It reads "Dr. Nick's Walk-In Clinic -- COMPLETE
CONFIDENTIALITY" and has a caricature of a smiling DR. NICK
RIVIERA stitching his own lips shut and winking.

LISA (CONT'D)

(INTERESTED) "Complete
confidentiality?" And I'm sure he's as
good as Dr. Hibbert. It says so right
in his ad.

We see Dr. Nick's motto at the bottom of the ad: "As Good
As Dr. Hibbert." Lisa hangs up the phone, tears out the
ad, and runs upstairs.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SQUIDPORT - THE SAME TIME

Marge and Homer are sitting in the outdoor cafe section of a bar called "Bloater's at the SquidPort."

HOMER

What's the matter, Marge? I thought
you loved Jello shooters.

Homer SLURPS the last of his Jello shot (from a shot glass). We see that Marge is daintily eating hers with a parfait spoon.

MARGE

Oh, I do. I'm just a little concerned
about the kids. Maybe I should call.

HOMER

Oh, come on Marge, relax! Lisa's in
charge. She's the responsible one.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - GARAGE - THAT MINUTE

Lisa, carrying a limp Bart over her shoulder, DUMPS him like a sack of potatoes into a wheelbarrow, which has been lined with blankets and a pillow. The scene is reminiscent of Hitchcock's "The Trouble with Harry."

LISA

Hold on, Bart. Everything's going to
be just fine. I'm going to get you to
a doctor. He'll fix you up, we'll get
you to bed before Mom and Dad come
home, and this time tomorrow we'll all
be a happy family. Happy, happy
family.

11 cont

She places the still-caffeinated Maggie in the wheelbarrow and begins to wheel it out. Maggie starts crawling all over Bart, grabbing at his face, poking him, etc.

MAGGIE

(CAFFEINATED GIGGLES)

LISA

Mag-gie!

Lisa looks around the garage. Her eyes fall on a cat-carrying case.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - STREET - LATER

Lisa pushes the wheelbarrow down the street. In addition to Bart, the wheelbarrow now holds the cat box containing Maggie. Maggie **BUMPS** around inside the box, tipping it on its side, then upside down.

LISA

Please, Maggie, go to sleep!

Lisa checks the torn-out ad from the yellow pages and stops in front of a building with light coming from an upstairs office.

INT. DR. NICK'S CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Lisa opens a door with a sign reading "We Stitch -- And Don't Snitch." Inside is a waiting room filled with **DISREPUTABLE CHARACTERS**. **JAILBIRD**, with a gunshot wound, is addressing a **NURSE** at a desk.

JAILBIRD

I must've, like, fallen on the bullet
and it, like, drove itself into my
shoulder.

The nurse checks a box labeled "**LIQUOR STORE ROBBERY.**" **DR. NICK** enters and glances at the chart.

11 cont

DR. NICK

(TO JAILBIRD) Hey, don't worry. You
don't have to make up stories here.

Save that for court!

Lisa turns to SMITHERS, who is standing in front of the
only empty chair in the room.

LISA

Mr. Smithers, Bart may be seriously
hurt. Could we possibly go ahead of
you?

SMITHERS

(STIFFLY) Um... no. I really would
rather get this taken care of.

Dr. Nick heads for the door.

DR. NICK

Sit tight, everybody, I have to make
another morgue run!

He eyes Moleman.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

You come with me.

LISA

(FRUSTRATED MOAN)

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

12

Lisa is pushing the wheelbarrow with Bart towards a distant
sign reading "HOSPITAL." (The catbox with Maggie hangs
from one of the wheelbarrow handles.)

LISA

He ain't heavy, he's my brother.

(GROAN) Oh, God, is he heavy.

12 cont

Suddenly, we hear a short WHOOP from a police siren. Lisa jumps back, startled.

WIGGUM (O.S.)

Hold it right there.

Wiggum jumps out of his patrol car. A nervous Lisa instinctively blocks his view of the wheelbarrow and discreetly sets the catbox down behind her.

WIGGUM

Well, if it isn't Springfield's finest little babysitter, Lisa Simpson.

LISA

(A LITTLE TOO EAGER) Hi. How are you?

WIGGUM

You know, when you're walking down the side of the road you always wanna be sure to go with traffic.

(RECONSIDERING) Against traffic? No, no, with traffic, with traffic. I think. Anyway, good night.

Wiggum starts to get in his car. Lisa breathes a **SIGH OF RELIEF**.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

(SUSPICIOUS) Hold on a minute. Let me have a look at that wheelbarrow.

LISA

("I'M DEAD") Okay...

As **SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC SWELLS**, Wiggum swings his flashlight beam towards the incriminating wheelbarrow. Lisa braces for the worst -- but then is stunned to see that the wheelbarrow is empty.

12 cont

WIGGUM

Just as I thought! It's a Yard King.
Now that's a quality barrow. Well,
gotta run.

Wiggum gets in his cruiser and drives off.

LISA

(PANICKED) Oh God! Where's Bart?!

Lisa looks around and then GASPS when she sees...

LISA'S P.O.V.

Bart's body is rolling down a long hill, picking up speed
as it goes.

LISA (CONT'D)

(WHINY SCREAM)

Bart plows through some bushes and slowly rolls to a stop
in a patch of mud. Lisa frantically runs down, pushing the
wheelbarrow with Maggie. She finds the filthy, ragged
Bart, with arm still askew, and starts trying to load him
back into the wheelbarrow.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh, Bart, I'm so sorry. This is all
like a bad dream...

Suddenly, Lisa is illuminated by a sea of blinding white
light. She cringes and shields her eyes.

MAYOR QUIMBY (V.O.)

Citizens of Springfield, I officially
declare this -- What the hell is that?!

We WIDEN TO REVEAL that Lisa is standing on the water's
edge just yards from the Squidport gala. The blinding
light is coming from the newly-inaugurated Squidport
entrance sign (a la the Santa Monica Pier sign, with
thousands of tiny bulbs).

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

12 cont

It's Lisa Simpson! (AGHAST) And look
what she's doing!

CROWD

(SHOCKED GASPS AND MURMURS)

CROWD'S P.O.V.

Lisa is hunched over Bart's grimy, broken body (in the wheelbarrow), looking like a startled ghoul. She glances at the crowd suspiciously, blinking and wincing.

BACK TO SCENE

MAUDE FLANDERS

She's murdered her brother!

LENNY

And she's tryin' to dump the body in
the harbor!

OTTO

Well, duh...

SIDESHOW MEL

And as a grim finale, she intends to
drown that poor caged baby!

LISA

(SQUINTING INTO GLARE) What's
happening? Where am I?

HELEN LOVEJOY

(HYSTERICAL) And she's on DRUGS!!!

Homer and Marge rush out to Lisa, followed by Dr. Hibbert.

HOMER

(FIRMLY) Give me the drugs, Lisa.

12 cont

LISA

I'm not on drugs. I was just trying--

MARGE

(RE: BART, GASPS) His arm! Oh, my
special little guy, are you okay?!

Dr. Hibbert kneels beside Bart, examining him.

DR. HIBBERT

Hmm. Dislocated shoulder, bump on the
noggin... My diagnosis: a rather nasty
fall (BEAT) caused by bad babysitting.

Lisa looks horrified, and the crowd MURMURS DISAPPROVINGLY.
Dr. Hibbert manipulates Bart's shoulder. With a SICKENING
POP, Bart's arm springs back to normal. Bart's eyes open.

BART

(STILL IN A DAZE) Would you like fresh
ground pepper on that?

HOMER

(OVERJOYED) My boy's okay!

Off Lisa's defeated look, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

13

Lisa is moping on her bed. Bart enters.

LISA

Hey, Bart. How's your arm?

BART

Working perfectly.

He does a Romulan-style salute.

13 cont

BART (CONT'D)

Long live the Federation!

Lisa manages a weak smile.

BART (CONT'D)

(OFF HER LOOK) I'm sorry I was such a
jerk last night. Guess I sort of
ruined your babysitting business.

LISA

(GLOOMILY) That's okay. I can always
sell seeds. Want some seeds?

BART

(SINCERE) No thanks.

LISA

(SAD SIGH)

The phone **RINGS**.

LISA (CONT'D)

(ANSWERING) Hello, world's worst
babysitter speaking.

DR. HIBBERT (V.O.)

Lisa! I'm glad I reached you. Are you
available to babysit tonight?

LISA

(SURPRISED) Aren't you afraid I might
take drugs and injure your children?

DR. HIBBERT (V.O.)

Well, yes, that's a concern, but it's
so hard to find a sitter. And I've got
judo tonight.

Lisa hears the CALL-WAITING BEEP.

LISA

(ON PHONE) Hold on, please... Hello?

FLANDERS (V.O.)

Lisa, Ned Flanders. You available
tonight?

LISA

Didn't you hear I almost killed my
brother?

FLANDERS (V.O.)

You did? (BEAT) Just a minute. (A
FEW SECONDS OF MUFFLED CONVERSATION)
(THEN BACK ON PHONE) What time can you
come over?

Lisa smiles with renewed hope as we...

FADE OUT:

THE END